

PARODIES ON GAY. 3

Robert — Lewis Lewis
S. R. M.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE BATTLE OF THE BUSTS.

A FABLE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE STYLE OF

HUDIBRAS.

London:

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AND HARVEY, GRACE - CHURCH - STREET; AND
VERNOR AND HOOD, FOULTRY.



PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of publishing these little Poems under the above title, I considered it as an indispensable duty to prefix an apology: but it now appears to me not only needless, but absolutely improper; as it would be an unpardonable vanity in me to imagine the mere of sufficient consequence, to give occasion to any to suppose I intend a serious illustration of the morals of the charming Poet whose works I have presumed to parody. I only endeavour at a whimsical exemplification of a few of those morals which particularly struck me, and trust I shall be excused by the lovers of Gay, the playful liberty I have taken with a work so universally and so justly admired.

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PARODIES ON GAY.

THE POEM AND THE PARSON.

* * * we doat upon our own.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FARRY.

“GIVE me a pen ;” his brain is fired ;
Was ever mortal so inspired ?
Sir Michael writes—till he is tired.
Now to his wife he needs must shew it ;
His first attempt proclaims him *POET*.

Next morn to breakfast when he came,
Frowning he met his anger'd dame ;

His Ode she held—and nothing said ;
But sigh'd and groan'd, the more she read.

“ These sighs some accident forbode ;
“ Speak wife ! I hope you've got my Ode !”

“ Dear Husband ! that unlucky wight
“ The Parson, supp'd with us last night ;
“ Your charming Ode he took to read,
“ And sent us this vile thing instead.”

Where is the elegiac line,
In softest soothing strains divine ?
See here a dull extravaganza,
'That speaks a fool in ev'ry stanza !

“ The woman's mad !” the husband cries,
“ What metaphors ! what similies !”

“ Lord, Husband ! why 'tis void of sense,
“ No doubt the Parson took it hence.”

Just

Just as she spoke, the Parson heard,
And at the parlour door appear'd ;
Where with true dignity and spirit,
He thus explain'd the Poem's merit.

- " How mean the first ill-manner'd fool,
" That dar'd our tribe to ridicule!
" How void then those of common-sense,
" Who join the laugh at our expence !
" What ! must we ever silent sit
" The butt for their contemptuous wit ?
" No ; conscience still will yield applause
" To those who rise in virtue's cause.
" Virtue by all is understood ;
" Why scorn then those who dare be good ?
" Where yet was ever found a Poet,
" Who being *fool*, could bear to know it ?
" And should we patronize the rhymes
" Of each dull Poet of the times,
" (To please the vain conceited elves)
" Well might we pass for fools ourselves."
-

THE NOBLE PLEBEIAN.

How fond are men of rule and place
Who court it from the mean and base !

The LION and the CUB.

A Silly youth of noble birth,
Avoided men of rank and worth ;
Proud to be thought a *wit* by many,
He fought all those who had not any ;
With Merry-Andrews, " nothing loth"
He spent his time and money both :
He rival'd all the Fantoccini,
Dubois, Jack Follett, and Delpini ;
And shew'd in one of his grimaces,
The charms of their united faces.
If e'er he deign'd a mimic smile,
Applause stood ready all the while ;

And

And all with loudest oaths maintain,
He'd prove a fund to Drury Lane.

Of these amazing talents proud,
He seeks at court the glitt'ring croud ;
Eager that all should view his parts,
Heels-up he stands ;—his father starts.

“ Puppy ! thy posture plainly tells
“ Where thy intrinsic value dwells ;
“ Well may the earth attract thy head,
“ Thy heels are cork ; thy Caput lead ;
“ And all the virtues of the heart,
“ Neglected for this useless art.”

“ My talents scorn'd ! dear Sir, your pardon,
“ I beat'em all at Covent Garden.”

“ You beat'em all !” the fire replied ;
“ How weak, how self-content is pride !
“ These tricks may please the idle clan,
“ But Merit makes the NOBLEMAN.”

THE OFFICER AND HIS POOR PARENT.

How many faucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street !

Proud rogues ! * * * *

* * * * *

They blush to hear a mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

The BARLEY-MOW and the DUNGHILL.

AS cross the Park, at early dawn,
The happy Monarch sought the lawn ;
A shining multitude appears,
Of brave and faithful Volunteers ;
A loyal zeal each bosom warms ;
They greet their King *presenting arms.*

Sam C. J. King Esq. His

His eye now rov'd along the line,
 Beaming beneficence divine ;
 While tears the royal cheek bedew'd,
 Of heart-impressive gratitude.
 With joy he saw what thousands rose,
 To check their King's presumptuous foes ;
 In thought he saw this native land,
 Protected by the valiant band ;
 In fancy could with rapture trace,
 His country's friend in ev'ry face.

An Ensign in the Monarch's train,
 Which pass along the crowded plain ;
 Who made his dress his only care,
 (For some, tho' few, I trust there are ;)
 Observ'd his Mother 'mongst the crew,
 In 'kerchief check, and apron blue ;
 He halloo's to the men around,
 Who, (as accusom'd,) kept the ground :

" See, see ; for shame ! why this neglect ?

" Pray, Gentlemen, shew more respect ;

" Keep back the crowd, nor let the King

" Such raggamuffins 'fore the King,

- " Are we who shine in gold and lace,
" To suffer insults and disgrace?
" Who is that woman ! pray keep back ;
" A truce to her eternal clack !
" Is she a fit spectator here,
" Where Kings and—Officers appear ?
" Or to the washing-tub restore her,
" Or else put somebody before her."
The Mother his command receives ;
That 'tis her Son she scarce believes ;
" Move me !" she cries, " Audacious varlet !
" Because he struts in lace and scarlet ;
" He will not own his poor relations !
" Send me away ! O ! give me patience !
" Altho' 'tis not to *me* he owes
" His feathers, and his gaudy cloaths ;
" Let him reflect to whose assistance,
" He owes the blessing of existence ;
" Let him consider (and atone,)
" To give *him* life, I risk'd my own ;
" Nor thus ungratefully forget
" A Mother's everlasting debt."
-

THE SHARPER AND THE SCHOOL-BOY.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

A SHARPER of peculiar skill,
Well known at Snow, or Holborn-hill,
Tir'd of his usual duty there,
Forsook the town, and sought the fair ;
A comrade ever bent on harm,
Accompanied him, arm in arm.

“ Come on, my boy, the first exclaims ;
“ How yonder fight my breast inflames !

“ Behold

- “ Behold the noisy school-boy train,
“ Anxious the E. O. prize to gain ;
“ Be quick ! the table let’s prepare,
“ And in the easy plunder share ;
“ By ev’ry gesture we may learn,
“ Their shillings in their pockets burn.
“ How blest our life with wealth and peace,
“ Could we but ’scape the dread police !
“ But Constables, curst rogues ! combine
“ To mar the excellent design.
“ Sometimes the stocks our legs embrace,
“ Sometimes the pillory we grace ;
“ And vainly then the victim begs
“ Relief from mud and rotten eggs ;
“ For boys, and men of ev’ry age,
 In this *delightful sport* engage.
“ How wretched ! how relentless those,
“ Deaf to a fellow-creature’s woes !”

A lad who, unperceiv’d, had heard
His lamentation word for word ;

Drew

Drew nigh, and with contemptuous wave,
Thus answer'd the astonish'd knave.

“ Ere you of cruelty complain,
“ Your own relentless hand restrain;
“ Each moment to repentance give,
“ Nor *hundreds* rob, that *one* may live.”

THE COUNCIL OF PLOUGHMEN.

Since ev'ry creature was decreed,
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.

The COUNCIL of HORSES.

AN honest lad of manners plain,
Lowest of the domestic train ;
Had *heard* from some good-natur'd elf,
(Who ever discontent himself,
Wish'd others such a bliss to share)
His toils were more than he could bear.
No length of time he took to shew
The hardships plough-boys undergo ;
Nor could the proof be less than clear,
When settled o'er a pot of beer.

(Resolv'd

(Resolv'd his reasons should be good,
He gave them at the Robin-Hood;
As if he found his logic fail,
He then might have recourse to ale;
Because when once the wits are gone,
The bus'ness is as good as done.)

The lad who never had complain'd,
Spite of the ills he had sustain'd;
Who neither *meant* nor *dreaded* harm,
Was now the victim of alarm;
His apt soliloquy will shew it;
“What! trampled on, and not to know it!
“Despis'd! neglected! scorn'd! oppress!
“Of no *one* happiness possess?
“Is my content then “*all a fetch?*”
“O helpless! hopeless! hapless wretch!”

Determin'd speedily to shew,
That lab'ers were the sons of woe;
He beg'd them, one by one, to fix,
To meet next morning all at fix;

To

To take into consideration,
 Their pitiable situation ;
 As since it was so plain a case,
 They were a miserable race ;
 'Twas fit that all agreed in knowing,
 To what their misery was owing ;
 That they might state in their petition,
 Their most deplorable condition.

The lad next morn arose betimes,
 His mouth with *inspiration* primes ;
 The Ploughmen rang'd as each thought best,
 He thus with dignity address :

“ Good Heavens ! how can I describe
 “ The burthens of our suff’ring tribe ?
 “ Shall we consent to keep those rules,
 “ That mark our forefathers as fools ;
 “ Suppose they tamely chose to yield,
 “ To guide the Harrow o’er the field ?
 “ Consider how the times improve ;
 “ The yoke ’tis conquest to remove.

“ How

“ How toilsome ’tis to steer the plough !
“ For man we bear the moisten’d brow ;
“ Were we design’d for tasks like these,
“ While he enjoys content and ease ?
“ To labor through the miry road,
“ Distributing the dung-cart’s load !
“ How feeble seems the man of wealth,
“ How strong we lusty sons of health !
“ Shall then our nobler limbs submit
“ To drudge, because he thinks it fit !
“ Shall hob-nail’d shoes be worn by Numps,
“ While Jacky trips about in pumps ?

“ Forbid it Heav’n ! we all are free,
“ And scorn the badge of slavery !
“ Let us from work this moment strike,
“ And think, and act, just what we like ;
“ To please ourselves be now our plan,
“ And vindicate the rights of man.”

A murmur round the circle spread ;
“ Bravo ! that’s right ! huzza ! well said !”

When

When lo! with hoary head appears,
(Proclaiming length of healthy years)
A Vet'ran from among the crew,
Who rais'd his hand, (as speakers do)
And to the self-made "sons of woe,"
Thus spoke this rustic Cicero.

- " I once was young, and strong, like you ;
" I once was discontented too ;
" But now a rich reward I find,
" And much regret I e'er repin'd,
" My master now my toil repays ;
" In comfort lets me end my days.
" Suppose my labor brought him wealth,
" It brought *me* appetite and health ;
" And tho' *he* added store to store,
" *I* had *enough*, nor wanted more.
" I grant our youthful strength we lend,
" That what we earn, the rich may spend ;
" But how do they that wealth employ,
" When time and pain our strength destroy ?

Beneath

- " Beneath a hospitable roof,
" I grateful live, a daily proof,
" When age draws on, their love we share ;
" The kitchen fire, the easy chair,
" The cheering pipe, the sparkling ale,
" The merry song, the village tale,
" Combine to render life a bliss,
" E'en at so great an age as this.
" The rich and poor alike were made,
" Dependant on each other's aid ;
" Act then your part, content to share
" Your Master's love, and Heaven's care."

He ceas'd ;—the discontented yield,
And cheerfully retake the field.

THE ARTIST AND COUNTRY GIRL.

Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

The GARDENER and the HOE.

AN Artist of peculiar taste,
On a young nymph affection placed ;
Of vulgar manners, lowly birth,
Her beauty was her only worth.
Deserted now the rural cot,
The parlour is from hence her lot ;
She now ne'er milks the lowing beast,
But shares with him his daily feast ;
The cottage pallet does disown,
And slumbers on a bed of down.
Where'er he goes, she'll thither roam,
Or tend him if he stays at home.

One morn ('tis true it happen'd rare,) }
 Important bus'ness call'd his care,
 He thus address the rustic fair :

" My copied paintings, view them all,
 " But touch not an original ;
 " My landscapes *rummage* as you like,
 " But sacred hold my dear Vandyke ;
 " For all the rest you've full permission,
 " Except my Rubens, and my Titian."

He went ; the Girl with folly fraught,
 To shew her talents vainly thought ;
 Ambition swells her barren heart,
 She longs to try the pleasing art ;
 Tho' skill'd as much in paint and pallet,
 As in the chissel or the mallet.

The brush with awkward air she dips,
 And o'er the prints at random trips ;
 And with the self-same colour, smears
 Eyes, eyelids, hair, nose, mouth, and ears.

But what was worse—how curst thy lot !
Artist, thy charge was now forgot ;
She, vers'd in marygolds and poppies,
Knew not originals from copies,
And Rubens, Titian, and Vandyke,
Were all bedizen'd out alike.

The sight inflam'd the Artist's wrath,
He heaves a sigh ; and then—an oath ;
“ And hast thou rob'd me, girl !” he cries,
“ Of all that I so dearly prize ?
“ All victim to thy graceless smears !”
He sunk, and sought relief in tears.

The gaping nymph amaz'd, exclaims,
“ My fond attention thus he blames !
“ Such dark old coats his fav'rites wore,
“ I meant to ha' dress'em long before ;
“ For shame ! cheer up, and tell me true,
“ Now don't they look as good as new ?”

The

The Artist now with anger burns,
And gives, what she with speed returns ;
A score of kicks, a score of blows ;
One hue adorns eye, mouth, and nose.

Poor fool ! he feels, alas ! too well,
No village plant in town should dwell ;
The humble shrub in proper soil
Will flourish ; but remov'd will spoil.

From hence he banishes the lass,
Taught by his candid looking-glass,
Who thinks in beauty to explore
A mine of inexhausting store,
Will oft find dross instead of ore.

The Debtors
THE DEBTOR.

Friendship like love is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame ;

* * * * *

* * * * *

who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

HARE and many FRIENDS.

A Youth good-natured, kind, and free,
Who sought the love of all, (like me ;)
Was known by all the tonish train,
Who trade in stocks, or “ throw a main ;”
Vows, pro and con, from all were fervent,
And each subscrib’d, “ your friend and servant.”

One morn, o'er head and ears in debt,
As forth he slowly walk'd, he met
Two bailiffs at Spring Garden gate,
And skulks to shun impending fate;
He stops, he starts, he racks his wits,
He pants, he smiles, and frowns by fits;
And to mislead pursuing duns,
Thro' many a lane and alley runs.

Till coming to a comrade's shop,
He thought secure with him to stop;
But ere he could his aid implore,
He sunk exhausted at the door.

" Let me avoid, my friend, with you,
" Those wretches who my steps pursue;
" You know what woes with bailiffs dwell,
" I see thy breast with pity swell."

The Tradesman answer'd; " I confess
" I'm much concern'd at your distress;

" But, prithee droop not, some there be,

" Can give you what you ask of me."

He next a noble *friend* implor'd,

And thus replied the fickle Lord ;

" Since my professions plainly prove,

" My real friendship, and my love,

" I may presume without offence,

" To tell you what invites me hence ;

" To meet my Caroline just now,

" I really made a solemn vow ;

" Now I have broke so many score,

" I am resolv'd to break no more ;

" And as you own your lack of self,

" I'll own I'm much in debt myself ;

" Harm watch, harm catch ; fast bind, fast find ;

" I can't assist, tho' much inclin'd."

He now drew near his Taylor's cot ;

" Avaunt !" cried he, " approach me not ;

" I *was* your *friend*, am not so still ;

" As wittnesseth your two-year's bill ;

" Your

“ Your shoe-maker may use you better,
 “ He once, you know, was much your debtor.”

The Shoe-maker of times complain'd,
 And of the burthens he sustain'd,
 Said he was poor, deplor'd his case,
 As *he* too fear'd the tipstaff race.

“ On one,” he cried, “ I still depend ;
 My uncle's steward sure will lend,
 To save from goal a long-lov'd friend.” }
 .

“ Shall I,” replied the prudent man,
 “ Affront so dangerous a clan ?
 “ Were I to lose my place for thee,
 “ Who'd keep my wife and family ?
 “ Stronger and richer friends are thine,
 “ Compare their envied state with mine ;
 “ Excuse me, then ; doubt not my love,
 “ I wish you well ;—I do—by Jove !
 “ I'm sure each friend your sorrow feels ;
 “ But see, the bailiff's at your heels.”

THE SHOPMAN, THE 'PRENTICE, AND
THE SHOE-BLACK.

Consider man in ev'ry sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust
That makes you wretched; God is just:

* * * * *

Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.

The COOK-MAID, the TURNSPIT, and the OX.

"BY nine the raisins must be done;
" Where's this most idle 'Prentice gone?
" Unless in time they meet the dame,
" The stage sets off, and I'm to blame."
This said, (for all must think it fit
That I John's vulgar oaths omit;)

Delay

Delay his duty to prevent is,
He seeks again the creeping 'Prentice;
The shop-brush o'er his head he rears;
He runs, he calls, he stamps, he swears;
The sneaking boy appears in view,
He now tries what fair words will do:
But all in vain? unmov'd he looks;
And on his apron slowly hooks;
With hasty flap his cheek now burns,
He eyes the sieve and John by turns.

" Was ever 'Prentice so forlorn!
" What planet sway'd when I was born?
" Am I for seven long years indeed,
" For this inglorious task decreed?
" Must I for seven whole years be still
" Obedient to a Shopman's will?
" O cruel case! of all employs,
" The basest fall to 'prentice boys.

" Had but my father at the first,
" Procured me some good place of trust;

" If

- “ If I a banker’s clerk had been,
“ What plays, what pleasures had I seen!
“ Like any gentleman at five,
“ As gay as any man alive.
“ Had sleeping partner been my lot,
“ (And that it might have been, why not?)
“ How charming would the time have past,
“ Each minute would have flown too fast;
“ What sweet employment, just to count
“ The cash of ev’ry day’s amount!
“ Possess of talents for the place,
“ Why did I not St. James’s grace?
“ My eyes with blooming charms to feast,
“ And wed a Peerefs at the least.”

A Shoe-Black heard his loud lament,
And thus reprov’d his discontent:

- “ Dare you complain at partial fate?
“ How wretched is my lowly state!
“ By no kind master lodg’d and fed,
“ But forced to earn my daily bread,

By

“ By brushing clean the miry feet
“ Of passing strangers in the street ;
“ Who for the trouble I have had,
“ Throw me my halfpence mostly bad.
“ 'Tis mine to clean from heel to toe,
“ The Clown, the 'Prentice, and the Beau ;
“ Again consider, your employ
“ Must tantalize the gaping boy ;
“ The 'Prentice eats the fruit, and balks
“ The longing Shoe-Black with the stalks.”

“ 'Till now,” amaz'd, the boy replies,
“ I look'd on all with envious eyes.
“ How oft a cheerful outward shew,
“ But hides a bosom fraught with woe !
“ If thus my fellow-creatures fare,
“ Of Fortune's gifts, how vast my share !
“ If grief thus racks a Shoe-boy's breast,
“ Perhaps at court, a frequent guest,
“ Sorrow each glitt'ring bosom wounds,
“ And care presides where wealth abounds.

“ Hence-

“ Henceforth should Envy dare invade,
“ When labour calls me to my trade;
“ Or should I droop, oppress and faint,
“ I’ll think on him and lull complaint.”

He said, and *turning up his sleeve,*
With cheerful heart he takes the sieve.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is here necessary to observe, that having entitled the following Poem, a *Fable*, I have considered myself at liberty to *bring up* a battle, and also to *keep it up*, without giving a reason for the resentment of each individual, the Moral being the object principally in view. Tho' indeed, were an investigation of causes to take place, we must certainly confess it is full as probable for friends to quarrel with each other, as for *things* of equal value to dispute for precedence.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BUSTS.

A FABLE.

WHEN Poets, wrapt in Fancy's dream,
Chuse Fable their instructive theme,
It matters little if the Moral
Perchance come after, or before all.

One thing appears to ev'ry eye, 5
" We all are equal when we die ;"
The King, the Beggar, Prince, and Poet,
Daily departing, clearly shew it ;
And use an equal grave and coffin,
To put the *case* their soul left off, in. 10

Why

Why then is *pride* alone to shew
The difference 'twixt high and low ?
Since when Death pleases to o'erake us ;
Distinctions all at once forsake us ;
He lays us, in an instant, level 15
With those we once wish'd at the Devil.

The Fable shews (with all due deference)
The folly of that silly preference
That Vanity too often arrogates,
When taking seats, or passing narrow gates ; 20
Thinking, to keep poor friends at distance
With pride, essential to existence.

The Fable will prolong the time,
So truce to moralizing rhyme.

A man whose chief amusement lay 25
In contemplating works of clay ;
Who, mindful of his native dust,
To canvas'd head, prefer'd a bust ;

D

Had

Had of them form'd a large museum,
 For all who chose to come and see'em. 30
 With which in semicircle placed,
 He thought his room superbly graced.
 And all must own that thus to do it, he
 Display'd a proper perspicuity.

Waller and Goldsmith led the way, 35
 Then Drummond, Addison, and Gay ;
 Next were Sommerville and Dyer,
 Then Shenstone, Swift, and Matthew Prior ;
 Then came Lord Lyttleton and Rowe,
 Garth, Watts, Cervantes, and De Foe. 40
 Pope, Smollet, Fielding, Marmontel,
 Then Shakspeare, Lansdowne, and Morel ;
 Some stood on shelves, and brackets some on,
 Then follow'd Dryden and Roscommon.
 Then Chaucer, Falconer, and Blair, 45
 With Doctor Johnson and Voltaire ;
 Then stood extended rather wide,
 Young, Mallet, Sprat, and Akenfide ;

And

And, like a sword without a hilt on,
 Stood elevated "poor blind Milton." 50
 Then came a group, whose names to mention,
 Would needlessly command attention ;
 Being inferior to the rest,
 Excepting Whitehead, Hughes, and West ;
 And Spencer, Chatterton, and Broome, 55
 With Wyat, nearly fill'd the room ;
 Leaving a space for Denham, Green,
 And Surrey ; Busts which clos'd the scene.

These Busts (as many may remark)
 Were not, like those within the ark, 60
 Placed, two by two, of equal worth,
 In order as they graced the earth ;
 But carelessly, as fancy taught him,
 Or as their pleasing features caught him.
 This was productive of a riot, 65
 Which first began 'twixt Gay and Wyat,
 And thence diffus'd it's envious poison,
 Quickly from center to horizon.

Said Wyat, "Can I bear to see

"Bards of antiquity like me, 70

"Insulted in so gross a way?

"Sprat, Smollet, Sommerville, and Gay,

"Fellows, scarce fit to form a chorus,

"Are placed in dignity before us.

"Fie Chaucer, why thus silent stand? 75

"'Tis justice tells you to command

"A place more suited to your merit,

"Have you no energy, no spirit?"

Says Toby Smollet, with an oath,

"You seem to have enough for both." 80

"Why who are you, my friend," said Gay,

"To give yourself these airs, I pray?

"What merits can you have to boast?

"Except for "Smut", the farrier's ghost."

"A worthy part, what think you, Smollet? 85

"He would have shone, in "What d'ye call it?"

* A character in a farce by Gay, called "What
"d'ye call it?"

Sprat would have spoke, but Sommerville
 Beg'd as a favor he'd be still ;
 And leave the cause to abler parties,
 With whom abuse a famous art is. 90

Old Chaucer, rous'd at the appealing
 Of Wyat, to his warmth of feeling,
 Mumbled abhorrence mixt with wonder,
 That ancient worth was so kept under.
 " Shame ! shame !" he cried, (and shook his
 " clay beard) 95

" That youth can bear to see a grey-beard
 " Treated with such unkind neglect,
 " And still shew marks of disrespect !
 " Why sits Mat Prior at his ease,
 " Above such " hoary locks" as these ? 100
 " Why is De Foe exalted too ?"

" Friend Geoffry, pray what's that to you ?"

Mat quick replied, " And tell me why

" It matters whether you or I

" Stand first or last? think you t'would move

" me

105

" Which of you two should stand above me?

" What diff'rence *now* (strife I abhor, Sir,)

" 'Twixt Dunstan Geoff, and Geoffry Chau-

" cer?"

De Foe now feels his anger rise,

And to old Geoff's demand replies ; 110

" What matters pray, my exaltation ;

" Is it for you to fix my station?

" In what consists your mighty skill

" That you should place us all at will?

" Are men of worth to wear the fetters 115

" Of one, whose many useless letters

" Render'd his writings past comparing

" With those whose merits he'd be sharing?

" Believe 'tis truth, when I aver

" That positively I prefer, 120

" (Perhaps you'll wonder why I do so :)

" To your old tales, my Robin Crusoe."

" You

“ You may prefer them ; true,” said Spencer ;

“ You may decry the tales, what then, Sir ?

“ You would prefer perhaps to weed’em, 125

“ For why ? you have not wit to read’em

“ Fie, Denham, Dryden, what ! in silence

“ Hear what would move me half a mile

“ hence !”

This rous’d them both. From all parts flow

Loud anger upon poor De Foe. 130

Blair saw, (unless affairs were mended,) 135

The discord never would be ended ;

So humbly beg’d the aid of Swift,

To give his arguments a lift.

Swift having first applied to Pope, 135

Thought he might give his wit full scope.

“ And why,” said he, “ should you suppose,

“ From Chaucer’s lips if nonsense flows,

“ Yours should succeed ? when e’en his failing,

“ Was the deserv’d reward for railing ; 140

" Why all this noise, this rout, this pother,
 " Cause one fool's pleading for another?"

" Fool, Sir!" said Shakspeare, " let me
 " teach you

" Politer manners, I beseech you ;

" Spencer a fool you cannot mean, 145

" As witnesseth his Fairy Queen :

" Now if you spoke of Pope or Young,

" There would be license for your tongue ;

" Or if that he had spoke of you, Sir,

" He would have been a just accuser." 150

" Me!" exclaim'd Pope, " you saucy
 " knave !

" Know you whose fury 'tis you brave?

" O that I could but wield a pen,

" To scourge that most unjust of men ;

" No man could I select more fit, 155

" To be the victim of my wit.

" A fool !

" A fool! you muckworm! No—by G—

" d'ye see,

" There's none can parallel my Odyfley."

" Your Odyfley," said Marmontel,

" Altho' they reckon it so well ; 160

" I own were I the arbitrator,

" Your essays, epigrams, and satire,

" I should be tempted to confess

" A useless and ill-natured mess.

" Blockhead! cries Young, " your addle

" head 165

" Shews that your brains have long been

" dead ;

" Else you would ne'er presume to vie,

" With writers of celebrity.

" The accents from thy vacant sconce,

" Proclaim thee what thou art, a dunce." 170

Fielding now spoke in loud retort,
By Young's unbounded censure hurt ;

(He

(He thought he now could do no less
Than help a brother in distress.)

“ Infipid creature! dull accuser! 175

“ Why all these airs? who spoke to you,

“ Sir?

“ In vain, poor simpleton, you try

“ That author’s merit to decry ;

“ How willingly would I agree

“ That man should my instructor be. 180

“ O that he’d my sense, and that I had

“ his!

“ My works fall short of Alcibiades! *

“ Then might all bards that ever sung,

“ Down to oblivion follow Young ;

“ In vain on earth to bear the bell he meant

“ Darknefs, all know, is Edward’s ele-

“ ment.”

186

* One of Marmontel’s tales.

Goldsmith and Shenstone now produce
 A thund'ring torrent of abuse ;
 Against the man who dared defame
 Their fav'rite Young's exalted name. 190

Now Watts, and Dyer, Hughes, and
 West,
 Spoke pro and con, as each thought best ;
 And join'd by Garth, and Broome, and Green,
 (No one can find out what they mean ;)
 Each quoting in his turn, a stanza, 195
 To aid this queer extravaganza.

Milton declar'd he would be heard,
 Morel wish'd to put in a word,
 But all in vain, for Akenfide,
 Tax'd him and Lyttleton with pride 200
 In not beginning long before,
 And now they should not speak, he swore.

“ Had I but arms,” said Rowe, “ an hour,
 “ And Akenfide was in my power,

“ If

- " If his thick pate was not too hard,
 " The rogue's opinion should be marr'd 205
 " He's past endurance, vain, fantastic,
 " And merits the reward of a stick."

- Quoth Surrey, " Pray, who is't so pat,
 " Can tell who merits this or that ? 210
 " Surely the speaker should partake,
 " The scourge he would for others make ;
 " And bid the power rest with Surrey,
 " He'd do his bus'ness in a hurry."

- " For why, Sir," quick replied Voltaire,
 " I see no reason, I declare ; 216
 " For anger he had good authority,
 " Considering the great majority
 " Milton and Shakspeare would have gain'd,
 " As they in former times obtain'd. 220
 " When'er they sang, all ear and eye lent ;
 " I wonder what could keep them silent."

" Heavens!"

"Heavens!" said Lansdowne, "who can bear
 "To hear a scurvy Frenchman there,
 "Reprove the monarchs (of their time) 225
 "Of Stage and Poetry sublime?
 "In this assembly they should claim
 "The tributes of exalted fame,
 "Thrones of bright crystal should contain
 "Such treasures, while they here remain." 230

"Hey day!" amaz'd, exclaim'd Cer-
 vantes,
 "Leave these pompous and andantes;
 "My worthy friend, pray moderato,
 "Such praise I don't know what to say to."

"Suppose," says Chatterton, "you don't,
 "If you'll be such a fool, I won't; 236
 "What man but you would frankly own,
 "Shakspeare deserves a crystal throne?
 "And Milton by his side would view
 "With scorn such vulgar dogs as you." 240

"Who's

“ Who’s that,” says Waller, “ dare to
“ chatter?

“ He cannot sure know what’s the matter.

“ Milton would *view* my friend, he cries!

“ How could he view without his eyes?”

“ Why there,” said Drummond “ you are
“ right, 245

“ No man can see without his sight ;

“ But minus eyes, I’ll take my oath,

“ He beats e’en you who have them both.”

Addison now prepar’d to say

Something to end the mighty fray, 250

“ For Falconer,” said he, “ will join

“ His efforts, I am sure, with mine.”

When lo ! an accident occur’d,

Which settled all without a word.

It should be known to all men, that 255

The master was a Democrat;

And

And on the night of this disputing,
A mob came rioting and hooting,
In honor of a vict'ry famous ;
(Pity their loyalty should shame us!) 260
And halloo'd for his candles loudly ;
When answering perhaps too proudly,
They snatch'd up sticks, and stones, and cinders,
And sent a volley through the windows.

Now the assembly sti ll in anger, 265
Sat muttering abusive clangor,
When lo ! a stone assail'd the light head,
(Ill-manner'd stone !) of luckless Whitehead ;
Crack'd in a hundred scatter'd pieces,
Their anger for a moment ceases ; 270
When strait a brick encounter'd Sprat,
And laid him with poor Whitehead, flat.

Loud exclamations now begin,
While loudly sounds the rattling din ;
And ere Morel had time to wonder, 275
Swift came a storm, as loud as thunder,

And

And on his brittle pate alighted,
Which in a moment left him quite dead.
Quick flew the pieces every way,
And many felt their potent sway ; 280
A cheek from Shenstone, nose from Dyer,
And half the face of Matthew Prior,
Torn from their native situation,
Defy the power of lamentation.

Vain was their wonder, vain complaining,
The storm continued still to rain in ; 286
And something, (harder sure than swans-
down,)
Crack'd the poor skulls of Swift and Lanf-
downe ;
Which flying round the room like shots,
Prov'd death to Somerville and Watts. 290

Loudly did many still exclaim,
When show'ring with such fury came
A volley through the windows yielding,
That down dropt Akenfide and Fielding.

Nay

Nay many more were laid down quiet, 295
 Among them Lyttleton and Wyat;
 And Chaucer, Waller, Denham, Young,
 Were each oblig'd to hold his tongue.

At last the prop that some had built on,
 (The Prince of Poets) down dropt Mil-
 ton ; 300

And whether grief for his sad fate,
 Or a wide crack across the pate
 Was the true cause, I cannot tell ;
 But Chatterton that moment fell.
 From the same cause, I'm bold to say, 305
 Fell Dryden, Addison, and Gay ;
 And could they have escap'd the blow,
 They ne'er had stun'd both Broome and Rowe.

Some little pause awaken'd hope
 In Surrey, Marmontel, and Pope ; 310
 The show'rs of horror now were o'er ;
 But short their bliss! for on the floor

E

Their

Their pates were strew'd ; none could avoid it,
And Spencer secretly enjoy'd it.

But ah ! his triumph who could share ? 315

A brick now knock'd down him and Blair ;

And striking Goldsmith on the breast,

First finish'd him, and after West.

Voltaire perceiv'd the execution,

And sat in dread of dissolution ; 320

But soon quite hush'd were all his fears,

For Garth in scraps assail'd his ears ;

Crack'd by annihilating blow,

Which settled him, and poor De Foe.

Cervantes sat in silent dread, 325

Knowing the softness of his head ;

And Smollet knew he'd keep him company,

If they continued still to thump any.

So it fell out, for Johnson's laughter,

The prelude was to what came after ; 330

All three were taken in a moment,

And fell at once, as if't were so meant.

The company so much decreas'd,
 Drummond now thought they would have
 ceas'd,

But no! the mob not easy tired, 335

With rage still unabated, fired ;

And crack'd both his, and Mallet's caput,

For nought to shield themselves could they
 put ;

And now poor Hughes, who stood between

Roscommon and deserted Green, 340

Would fain have been excused attending,

Forboding his untimely ending ;

But all in vain, three stones at once

Alighted on his brittle scone,

And flew apart ; Roscommon halloo'd, 345

Shakspeare and Green directly follow'd,

Closing the slaughter of the day.

When thus a voice was heard to say ;

(For Seneca from his retreat

Safe lodg'd upon the window-seat, 350

Who

THE BATTLE OF THE BUSTS.

Who had observ'd the mighty fray,
Had heard and seen, but fear'd to say ;
'Till seeing all together laying,
Sick of the rout they'd been displaying ;
Thought it his duty to remind'em 355
What characters they left behind'em.)

" Hear and attend ! ye scatter'd fragments !
" Squares, circles, radii, angles, segments !
" Spend your last moments in repentance,
" For just is fate, in this her sentence. 360
" Nay, I'll maintain that ev'ry Bust is
" Now treated in the extreme of justice :
" Ye quarrel'd tho' no cause appear'd,
" Nor thought of death, nor danger fear'd ;
" Now ye perceive, poor fools, too late, 365
" Superior was your former state ;
" Why would you each precedence claim ?
" Pretention must have been the same ;
" For spite of primitive cabal, you
" Are now all fools of equal value." 370

4 AP 64

FINIS.

